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#6

THE TWOISVE OUSEPNETIB. 0812/DICTAS.

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As the world turns...

Arguments flare over whose local scene is best. Beefs erupt between writers and crews over who kinged the line last Summer. Bored youngsters with computers push their rhetorical skills as far as they can while trying to knock entire continents worth of style as unoriginal. Somewhere along the line someone gets bitchslapped for biting this month's trendy fill technique. Years worth of pieces get destroyed over silly miscommunications. We might as well all be quarreling over women in barrooms.

Once in a while, however, people emerge who completely reenergize the scene by looking past all of that garbage. They look to themselves for inspiration and in turn make a tremendous contribution to the culture both in their artwork and in their personal conduct. The twin brothers Os Gemeos of Sao Paulo, Brazil, are such people. It is for this reason that we feature them in this issue.



Worldwide Graffiti
Scholarship, inc.



THE TWOISVE OUSE POVETIS

Photo Contributions by:

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Despite our good intentions, Twelve Ounce Prophet Magazine has never been published four times annually. We will continue to strive towards that goal, but for now, quit your damn bitching. Regardless, a four issue subscription can still be bought within the United States by sending \$18 to our address. If you live outside the United States, and for what ever reason you still want copies of our shitty magazine, you can save yourself a trip out here by sending a check or money order in the amount of \$26 to our address (U.S. Dollars drawn from an American bank). For those of you that missed the boat, select back issues can still be bought within the United States for \$5 (\$7 everywhere else in the world). All that corporate shit we mentioned in the last issue never worked out, so once again, we're accepting government food stamps. As always, we're also still accepting rudy fix. All submissions become the sole property of Twelve Ounce Prophet Magazine and cannot be returned. However, if we print your submission, we will hook you up with free copies of the issue that they appear in (extra bounty to those of you that really hook us up lovely). Once again (not that any of you ever listen), to insure proper photo credits and to get your free copies, clearly print your name, address, and photo information on the back of each flick. Fuck Larry Flynt and us selling out. We're starting to get used to this no sleeping, no chicks, always broke shit. Besides, why have lost when instead we can remain the sole owner to the copyrights of such a prestigious publication? Any reproduction in whole or in part without our express written permission is strictly prohibited unless in the context of review. World rights reserved. ©1998

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The transformation begins
with an inspired effort.
Years later,
through all the sleepless nights,
physical poundings,
and brushes with the law,
it is still inspiration
and effort that continue
the transformation.
Your props, beefs,
and street fame all testify
to this inspiration and effort,
yet our only surface reminders of
a transformation have been
designed, built, and executed
by you and you alone.

The icon is yours to become.



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Kasino - A.C.R. (Australian Clean Train)



News - I.H.S., Cer - I.H.S., Rush 186 - F.A.K. (NY Scrap Train)



Swet - S.U.K. (German Clean Train)



ean Train)



Soleil - SDK. (French Clean Train)



rain)



Ovie - KD. (NY Clean Train)



Pove - K.D. (NY Clean Train)



Cope 2 - KD. (NY Clean Train)



Was - Fly ID (NY Clean Train)



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Big - FX. (NY Clean Train)



"MSG" by Beno - MSG (Atlanta, GA) - Rest In Peace



Cope 2 - K.D, Flite - T.D.S, Ivory - TM7, Part - T.D.S. (Bronx, NY)



Crome - MSG, Hest, Daim - T.C.D, Kane 7, Loomit - FX, Tasek (Miami, FL)



Baez (Philadelphia, PA)



Emit - DF (Boulder, CO)



Celo - D.H.L., Rage 3 - D.H.L. (Danbury, CT)



Tich - TM7 (Louisville, KY)



Nace - DF, Bust, Acura (Philadelphia, PA)



Jive - D.F. (New Haven, CT)



Logek - G.E.D., Eser (Miami, FL)



Dato - S.U.K. (Unknown)



Bles - A.W.R., Nyce - A.W.R. (San Diego, CA)



Jonski - D.C.5. (Chicago, IL)



"São Paulo, Brazil, is where we live. It is so crazy and so huge, anything that you would ever want to see can be seen in the streets. We don't know if São Paulo is the only city like this, there must be other hidden cities like this. In São Paulo, if you wish to see someone starving, walk around the block. If you wish to see a millionaire, walk around the same block again. You will see men dragging carts around filled with cardboard, writing small poems on the boxes in which they live, the reality of the streets is not something that can be escaped. The people who have the means to end it do not do anything about it because they are more concerned with their own situation. People here are too concerned here with day-to-day survival to think about other things. People aren't concerned with the future because they must survive today. Because of

this, everything fails to shit. São Paulo is a place where it is very difficult to notice the good things in the street, we only notice the bad things because there are so many of them. Everywhere you look you see kids huffing glue, people begging, people who are deformed. We can stand there painting a wall and a man will come up to us out of the garbage and start explaining his life story to us. Everywhere you look are the homeless, little kids and babies living on the street. The things that we paint are often a result of seeing that type of thing in the street. We often paint simply for the people in the streets and if it makes their life a little easier knowing that we paint just for them, and bring a little color to the streets just for them, it is a means of escaping the reality of the harsh world. These people are able to see these big murals and know

that they are not excluded from the rest of the world. We want them to know that they are thought about. Explaining to people outside of São Paulo what goes on there is very difficult because the people who live there don't know themselves what's going on. We suspect that a lot of major cities are like that, that people's main concern is for money and survival. Everything that exists must coexist, and São Paulo is a land of coexistence. There are police who don't get paid shit and because of that they don't care about what they're doing. Because of that everything else follows in a vicious circle. The cops get frustrated and steal from people. There are things in Brazil that are difficult to explain. There are people who are even poorer than those in shantytowns, because at least people there can scrounge food from the garbage. There are

people who are so poor that they cannot even find edible garbage, so they find chunks of cardboard and tear it up and boil it, making soup from cardboard. These people are so poor they cannot even live in a shantytown, they just get soaked every time it rains. They figure that anything must be better than where they are, any city, anything. They pick up and move to shantytowns and sometimes do a great deal better. That's why there are so many shantytowns, because once there, nobody can go higher. Kids who are born into that life don't have the resources to go any higher. They live their entire lives that way. We paint because it creates a portal into another world that other people hopefully can peer into in order to see another life and world that exists."

- Os Gemeos

There were fifteen kids hanging out on a bridge. Their eyes were completely red, not bloodshot zooted on weed red, but blood red. The whites of their eyes were bleeding. One held a bag of glue in his hand. All fifteen of the kids huffed glue so that they could numb the fact that their stomachs were eating themselves out of hunger. The kid stuck the bag up to his face, took a deep huff, and passed it to the next kid. One kid lay motionless and belly up in the ditch by the road. He was covered in feces and his eyes looked like something out of another world. One kid went up to an elderly woman who was passing by. He asked for some change, politely. The woman ignored him. The kid spat on her and let fly a string of obscenities. The woman hurried off.

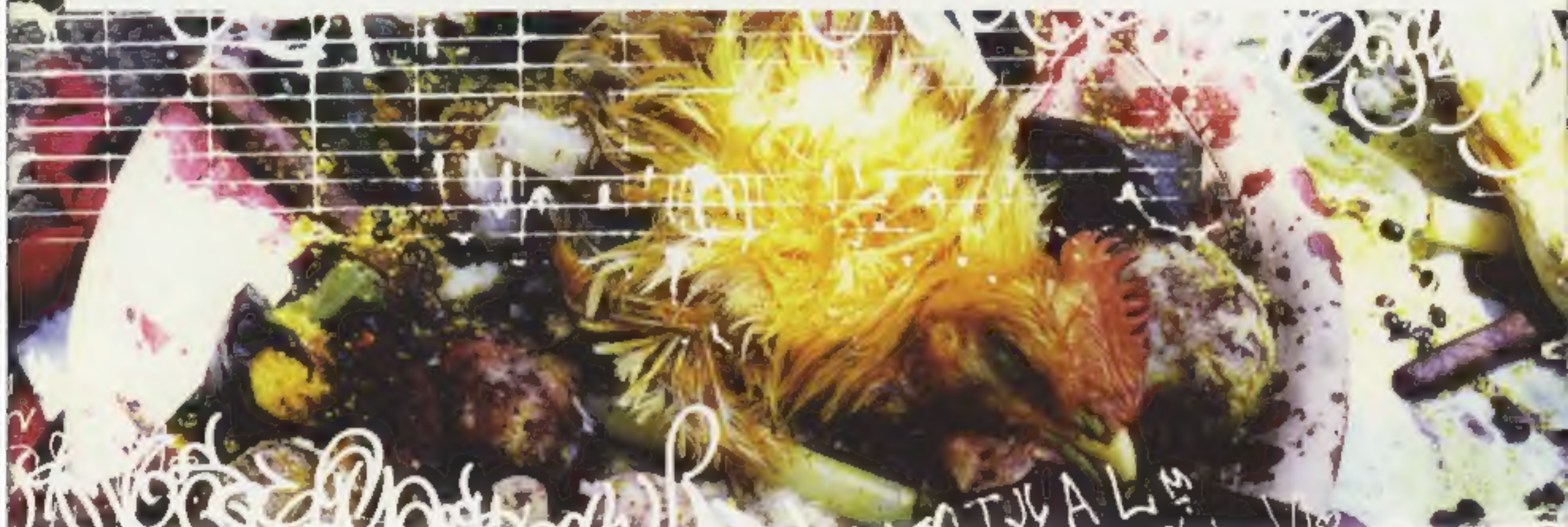
Every Tuesday, for years and years, there has been a market held on a certain street in Sao Paulo. Stepping onto the narrow street a smiling man offers us slices of mango. We take the pieces and eat them messily as the juice of the most sensuous fruit on Earth drips off our faces. Every few seconds we must come to a complete halt as one of the world's most

to ask us how we are and make friendly chat.

What drew Raven and I to Brazil was the work of Os Gemeos, two twin brothers living and painting in Sao Paulo. "Os Gemeos" means "The Twins" in Portuguese, Brazil's official language. The twins don't separate their names or styles, they both paint under the name "Os Gemeos" and do all their work together. Being twin brothers, they have a deep connection to each other which allows them to work together to create a tremendous number of seamless, beautiful paintings. Like most Americans, I knew very little about Brazil, but after seeing the work of Os Gemeos, I had to find out what it was about the combination of the two that lead to such incredible artworks. As it turned out, each one helped explain the other.

After World War I, Brazil fell under a series of semi-dictatorships that promised modernization and progress for their rural nation. The result was a mixture of utter success and utter failure. Many people were able to be at the forefront of urban modernization and got in on the

people aren't concerned with the future because they must survive today.



beautiful women strolls by looking just fine. Eventually we make it to the corner and buy a meat pastel from the man there, who takes extra time to show us how he cooks the pastel and feeds sugar cane into a grinder to make sweet juice for us. The hours pass by so nicely that we hardly even notice them for all the people stopping

ground floor of massive financial growth, leaving them fantastically rich. Far more were left behind in limbo - farmers and rural people who lost everything. Sao Paulo became the center of almost all of Brazil's industry and wealth. As a result, a massive exodus to the city occurred, which continues to this day. Its

population is now over twenty-two million people. That is not a typo. Sao Paulo is nearly three times as populous as metropolitan New York City.

Arriving at the airport in Sao Paulo was a bit worrisome. Everyone I had talked to in the States seemed to

have a horror story of Brazilian street crime. Everyone at the airport looked criminal, and neither Raven nor my Brazilian hosts were anywhere to be seen. I took a deep breath and tried to relax. Delay is a constant in Brazil. Fast-paced American expectations will make one go nuts. I rode up and down the escalators for fun, and as if

by design, as soon as I started to relax and smile to myself, Raven showed up with my hosts.

Sao Paulo is a big place and it takes a long time to get anywhere. The ride to our host's house took around two hours, and it seemed even longer due to the totally new surroundings. I had heard a tiny bit about Brazilian graffiti through interviews with San Francisco's Twist, who had spent some time there with Os Gemeos in 1995. He had said it was this raw, pure stuff done with little rollers. What he hadn't said was how prolific the indigenous graf was. From the car windows I can see it absolutely everywhere. The highway walls are slaughtered. Sao Paulo is as bombed as any city I've ever seen, New York included.

In the 1960's in Brazil, students and

lans, which at the time was a cutting-edge subculture in Brazil. Much like hip-hop graffiti, the emphasis in the new picheçao is not politics but getting up and fame. In terms of style, however, hip-hop graffiti and picheçao have almost nothing in common.

Modern picheadores in Sao Paulo and Rio de Janeiro are primarily the grubby, dirt poor, barefoot street kids that tourist brochures warn you about. They use a print style that has its roots, most likely, in rock n' roll album cover typefaces, with some elements of the Old English fonts the Latino gangs in Los Angeles have used since the 1930's. The rock n' roll styles draw from the cover art of bands like Pink Floyd, Led Zeppelin, Black Sabbath, Motorhead, and so on. However, picheçao has developed and progressed to the point where these

Picheadores keep their media simple. Though many will use spray paint, it doesn't work as well visually, and fat caps are not used because they are unavailable. Marker tags are unheard of. The weapon of choice is instead the two or three inch foam roller with an industrial color of bucket paint. Generally, picheçao does not get too colorful. Twist recalled a time when he met a little kid out writing his name with a three inch roller and a bucket of mud. Kids will use whatever they can find to bomb, including tar, which they steal from road crews and enjoy using because it is impossible to buff. Like in hip-hop graf, great respect is given to those who can get up in ill fame spots, or go all-city. One thing you'll see in Sao Paulo that you'd never see elsewhere are roller tags done by leaning over the edge of the tops of tall buildings. Some of the tallest

buildings in Sao Paulo have insane rollover tags that loom forty or fifty stories above the ground. To get up on the rooftops, little barefoot kids will pull some human fly moves and climb up the outside. Kids die all the time from high falls, but the risk doesn't matter at all to picheadores. To the world at large, they are hated, worthless drains on society, and they themselves couldn't give less of a fuck about that.

Ask around in Sao Paulo and they'll tell you that one of the greatest picheadores was DI. There were a lot of picheadores in the city, but he was always the one who took it to the next level. His escapades are legendary in Sao Paulo, and just as kids kick around JA and Sane/Smith stories in New York, every kid in Sao Paulo seems to have a topper DI story.



young people took to the streets to get political messages out using bucket paint and little paint rollers. The government media called these bits of graffiti "picheçao," pronounced "pee-chay-sow," and the people who created them, picheadores. In those early days, name-based graffiti didn't really exist in South America, it was all political. By the the end of the 1970's the political picheçao movement had mostly died out. In the mid-1980's, however, picheçao was resurrected with a new focus: the name. Most of the new picheadores were rock n' roll

influences are really only trace elements of what is seen on the walls: picheçao is a fully developed and unique form of graffiti, and these kids are hardly a bunch of metalheads. Picheçao ideally are done from the ground up to as high as the person can reach, somewhat like the early Philadelphia wickets and tall print tags. Many picheçao tags executed on previously blank walls will stretch for a full city block. All of these various elements meet in a a cryptic and beautiful style that absolutely covers the city.



night. Cops generally either like or don't care about hip-hop graffiti, but they will shoot picheadores on sight and dump their bodies in a sewer. Pichegao is a vehicle for the poor youth of the city to assert their existence and self-worth, and to do it loudly. The public perceives street children as worthless. The police often will gun down street kids for lack of a better solution. These same kids laugh through the gunfire as they confront this perception with their names huge, everywhere, and at the expense of those fortunate enough to own property. Despite the power of money and guns, the police are not winning the war. The kids have numbers and heart on their side. The streets are a wonderful state of anarchy.

In the big cities of Brazil, the kids are in control. Young crews and gangs have the streets sewn up and have given cities such as Sao Paulo and Rio de Janeiro an international reputation as a good place to go if you want your shirt taken. People warned me left and right about Brazil's street crime. To my bemusement, soon discovered that the stick up kids are often too poor to have weapons, and thus rob tourists with their minds - and foot speed more than anything. If you can outrun your average thirteen-year-old and have no moral problem about beating him down to get your camera back, you'll probably be fine in Brazil.

Like Sao Paulo, Rio de Janeiro is also an ill place. Along the world famous beach of Copacabana and Ipanema are plenty of high-end tourist hotels, restaurants, clubs, and whorehouses. With all that loot around, the stick-up kids are loving it. Many belong to gangs of kids whose passion is surfing the Rio elevated and street-level subways. The best spots for a ride are the roof and doors. As these trains are electric and powered by high-voltage overhead wires which hang close to the train's roof, surfers need to be very careful to constantly dodge them. Veteran train riders often are missing an arm or some fingers, burned off in an instant by an overhead wire. Train surfing crews have rivals, and surf particular lines which they alone control. Crews have membership cards and hand signals. If you decide to surf a line without permission, you will find yourself very dead. If rival crews see each other surfing, they often will exchange gunfire from the moving train's rooftops. Crazy things

like this are always happening in Brazil. Os Gemeos showed me a wall to do a quick piece. The only spot without other graffiti was near a sleeping homeless man. The twins told me to paint quietly. I tried to be quiet but woke the guy up anyway. He started up with his fists raised and ready to defend himself. He was a small guy and looked like he had been beaten up to hell and back more than a few times in his life. I am not such a small guy. If I had hit him he would have been out cold. Still, the man had his fists raised and ready to represent for his own pride and dignity. He looked very scared, in a way that said "oh no, not again!" as he obviously figured he was going to get another beating. One of the twins rushed over and calmed the man down, telling him all I was doing was painting the wall. The man limped away and I did my painting in the same "what in the hell am I doing here?" haze I felt many other times that week.

The first night I was there, Raven and I went for a walk with Os Gemeos late at night. At a turn in the road we came across a ceramic dish with a candle in it, lying by the curb in a small nook in the sidewalk. It was an example of Voodoo, or Macumbeque, called in Brazil. A moment later, an old woman crossed our path singing in a screeching tone, "They have taken everything from me, I'm never gonna give anything to anybody anymore. The police took everything. My man took everything. I'm never gonna give anything to anybody anymore. I'm never gonna give anything to anybody anymore." It was yet another bugout in a series of many.

Brazil is a land where many cultures have collided. Before the time of Columbus and the genocide he helped spark, the land mass that came to be known as Brazil had many well-developed indigenous cultures. It also had the deepest jungles, so that when the Europeans arrived along the coast the indigenous people fled for the vast interior to escape enslavement and death. Many of these tribes have been able to live in peace since then. In addition to the indigenous and European population, there is also a massive African population, brought in as slaves. Economically, the result is a land where Europeans are in a minority but still control the loot. Culturally, Brazil is a different story, an

incredibly complex and even mixture of South American, European, and African indigenous cultures. With a recent influx of Asian immigrants, this mix is only going to become more flavorful and deep.

One night the twins pulled out their knoieum and set it up in the street by their house. They set up their stereo to rock a tape of old school classics, invited some friends over, and it was on. We hung out and had a good old time breaking until it got real serious. In particular we had a great time uprocking, the hip-hop breaking form which is done standing and mimicking an opponent in mock combat.

In Brazil's deep tradition of dance, there exists something similar to the uprocking of breakdancing. Beginning several hundred years ago, slaves in Brazil developed a style of dance which was also a martial art and a means of self-defense. It was called "capuera" (pronounced "ka-PUWER-ah") It arose out of the need for slaves to have some means of defending

crews freely combine hip-hop's style of breaking with their own. One minute they dance in the slow and deliberate capuera style, but to the music of the old Crush Brothers. The next they are rocking backspins to traditional Brazilian music. It was hip hop breakdancing and its easy relation to Brazilian culture that inspired Os Gemeos.

Back in the times when breakdancing first hit Sao Paulo, they had a real strong movement going on, there were a lot of people dancing. We started dancing, and since we had been drawing all our lives it was just a natural progression. In around 1983, 1986 the kids always used to come out of our house. At the time it was really popular to have t-shirts and jackets with painted designs, we used to copy the designs, and from there we started making up our own stuff.

Os Gemeos

On Sundays in Brazil, the police have the day off. Though one can usually paint the streets in the daytime without a problem, you can go a little crazier



themselves. They combined it with dance to make it seem innocuous and non-threatening to the masters. To accompany the dancing tighters musical instruments were developed which also functioned as weapons.

In the present day in the streets of Brazil, the practitioners of capuera demonstrate their martial art dance in much the same way that breaking crews use the streets as their stage. Like breaking crews, capuera crews will rock customized uniforms. One of the freshest cultural bridges is seeing Brazil's more urban capuera dance

on Sundays. Having no cops on duty makes for good street bombing, and it's when most of the work gets done.

One Sunday, Raven and I rolled around and bombed with Os Gemeos, Nina, and Oli - the twins' girlfriends, both dope painters in their own right. Being that the coppers had the day off, we all smashed throwies up and down major avenues with cars whizzing by. Raven and I were loving it and having a blast. Soon we found ourselves on a wide, bright street lined with stores and restaurants. We walked up to a big traffic junction

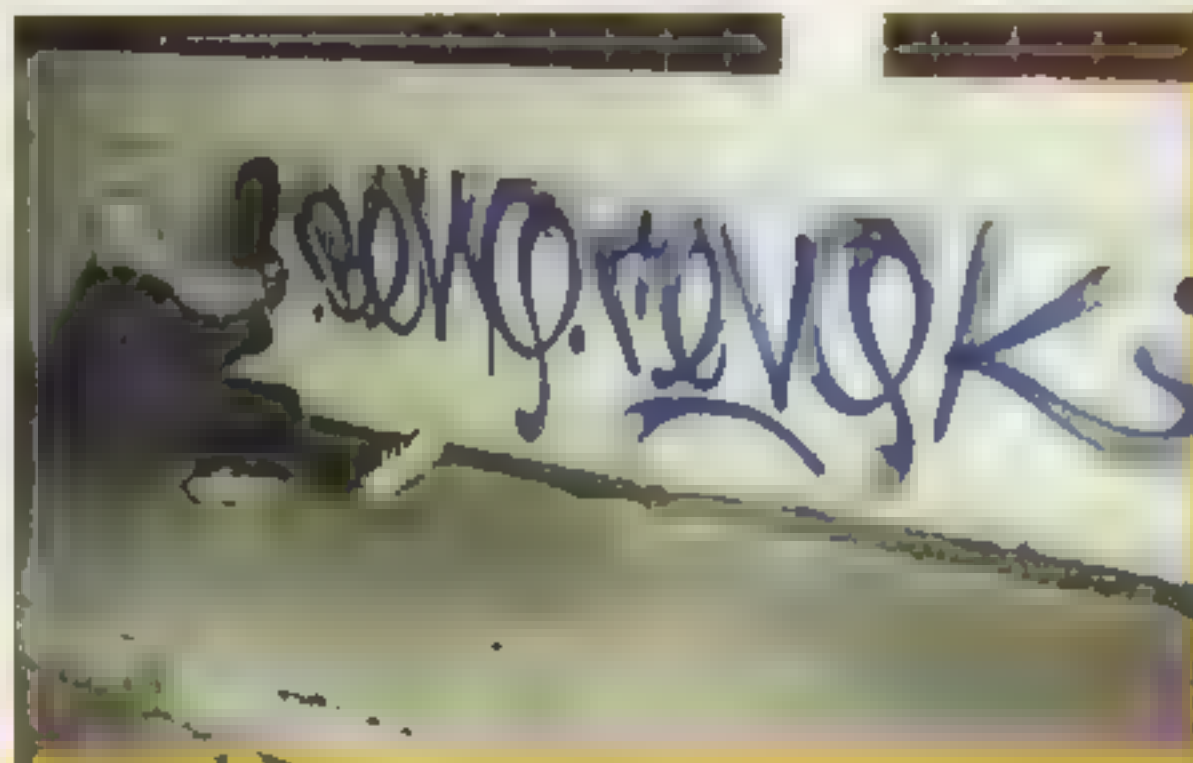
The press owner had come by, and saw the wall while we were waiting a day or two before we took a break. He was from the upper end of the Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. I met him on my journey westward. He was the kind of wealthy businessman who would make plans and a handsome profit to make so that his employees would have a good life. After work, he liked to go to the beach and have a good time. And, like a small boy, he told me that he was going to the beach a few weeks later. I asked where he was going. Oh, you'll like that. I did know some people who had been there and talked about it, making it sound and spouting quality of life. He said, "I will go to the beach and have a good time." My jaw dropped as he said that. I said, "How much more money does this guy have than the average Brazilian. I got back to my room."

Over time the world of the two became a place where the city where hell is there is the only place where you can find somewhere that can take you away from the world. It is a very wild to live for a person who is taken with the world. It is a world which emerges through the world. It is a reality. Their characters and iconography are more they paint, the more they would emerge.

like and want we do. We have things, that's where the world exists. All the good things are all there. Even when we show sadness and violence it does not mean that it happens in the world. It's just a thing, it's just a drawing. We can only through drawing, we can paint with red and yellows because they are very powerful. A piece look as though it has been hit up from within. To understand the fantasy world is to be capable of dreaming, and to be capable of dreaming, be capable of understanding the world.

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Europe, Asia, and elsewhere in the Americas have
nothing else. Though millions have starved and died
they are all rooted in the soil of their native
land. Their beauty has

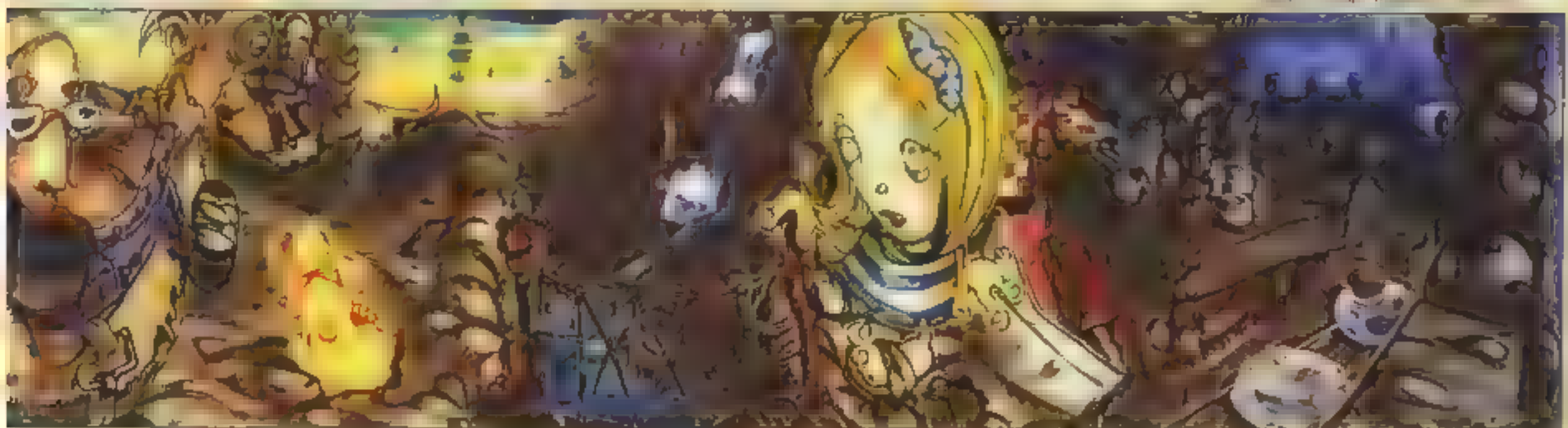


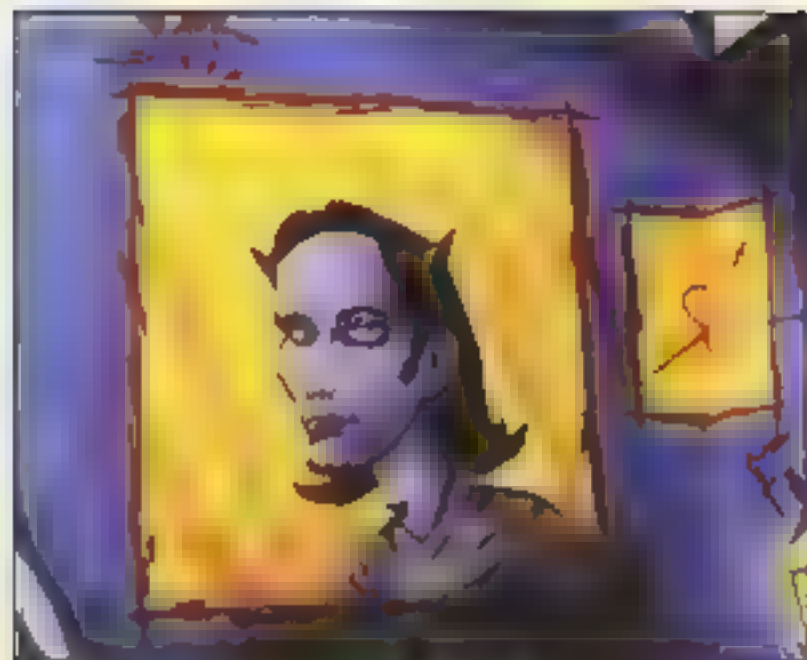
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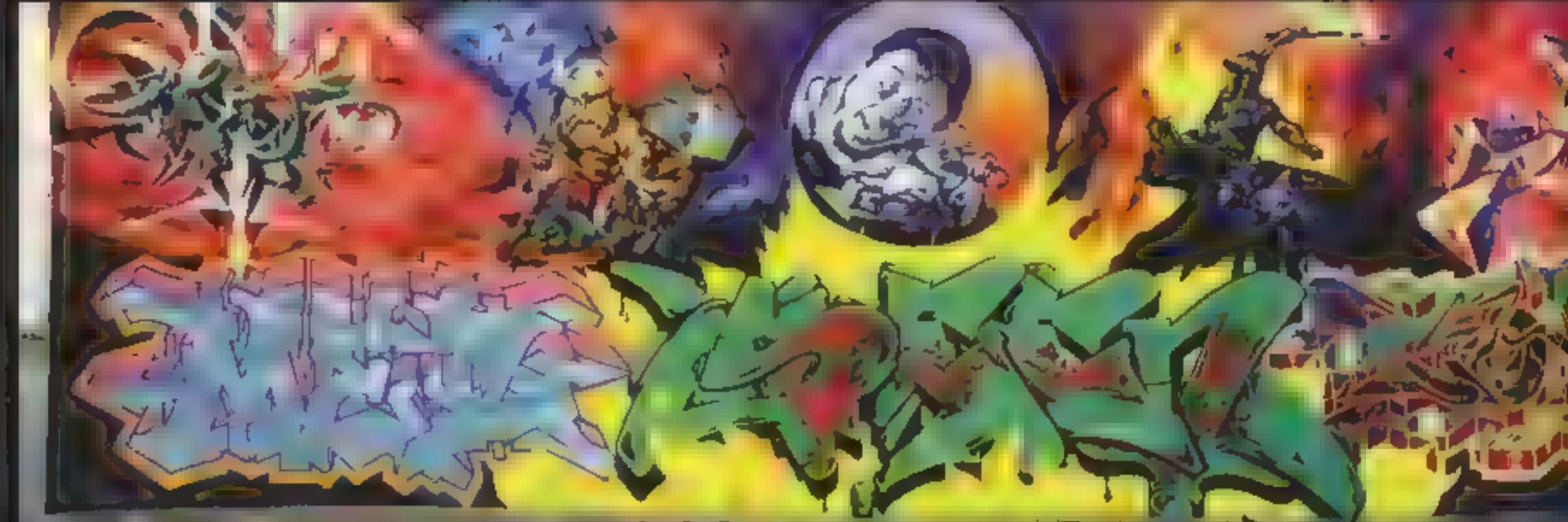




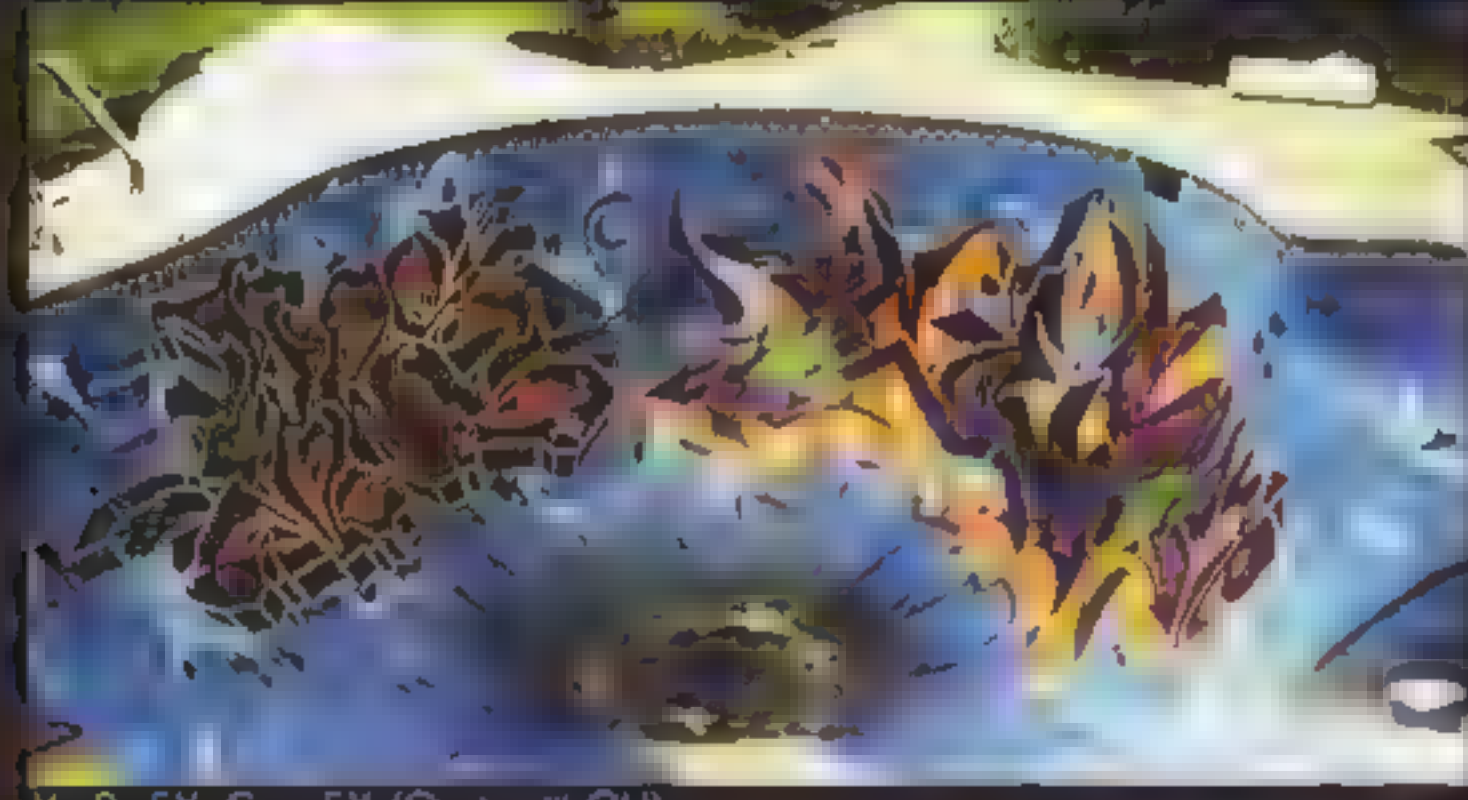




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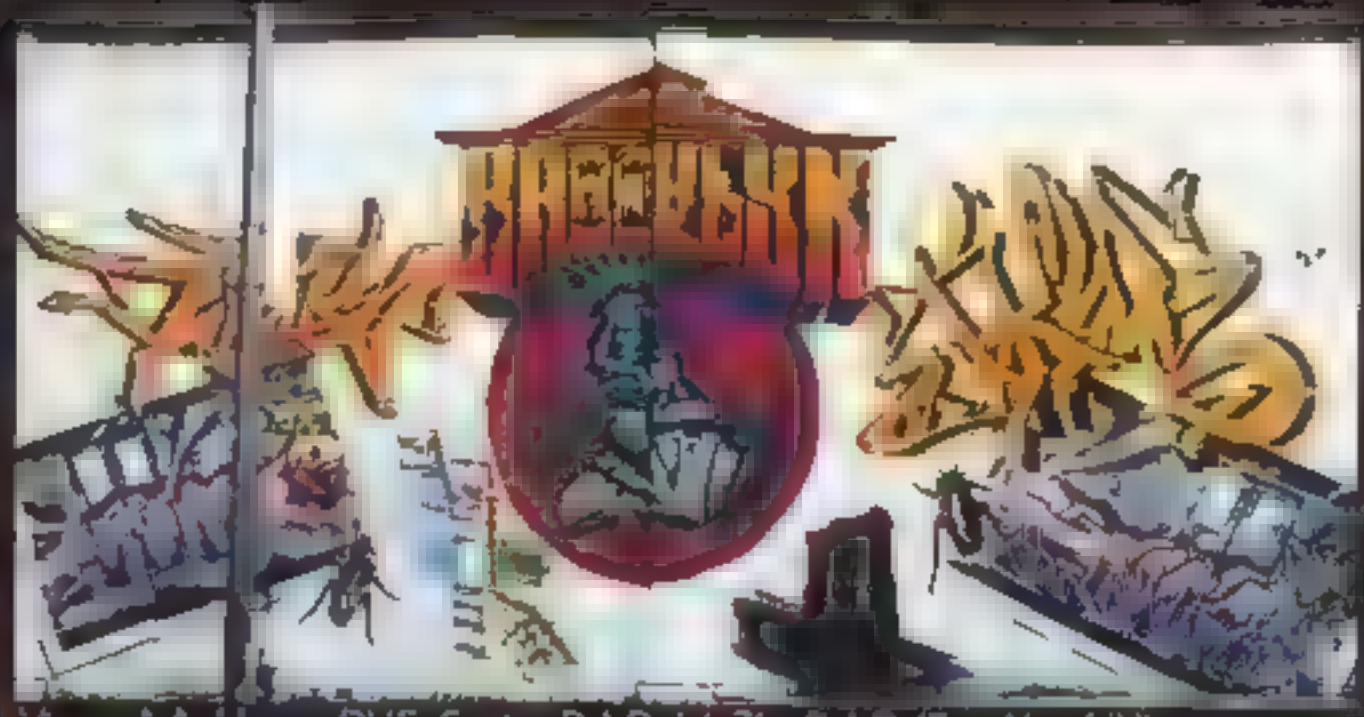


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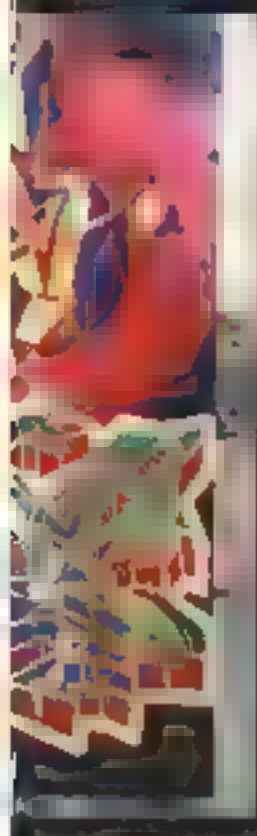


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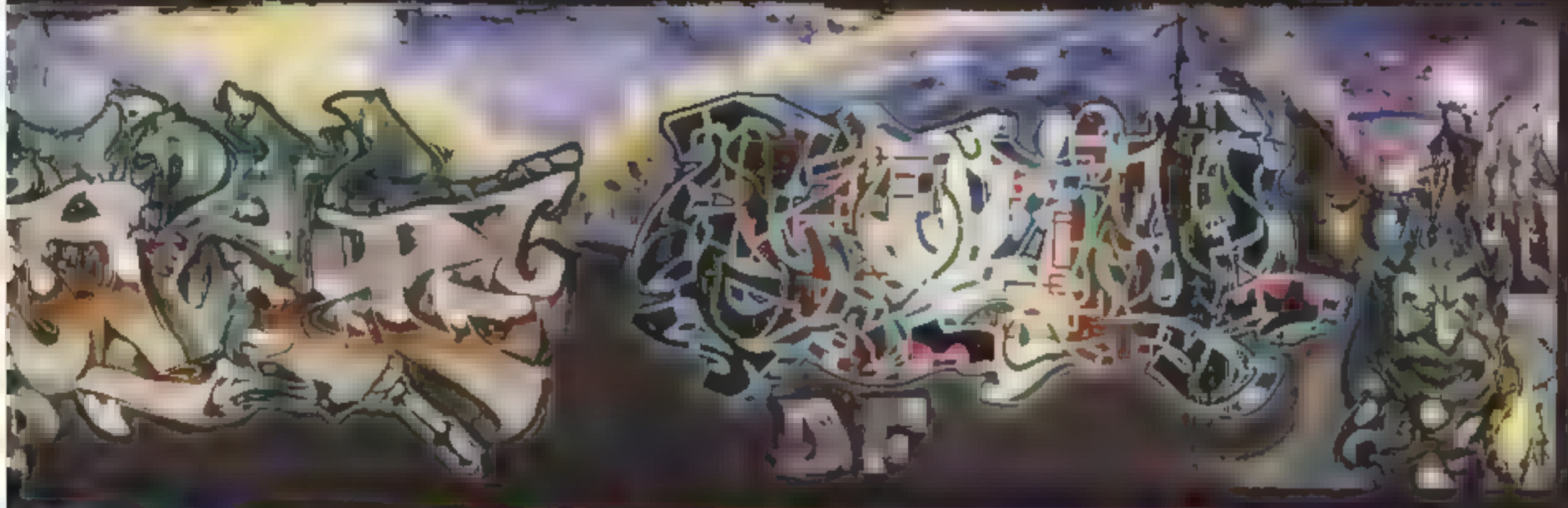
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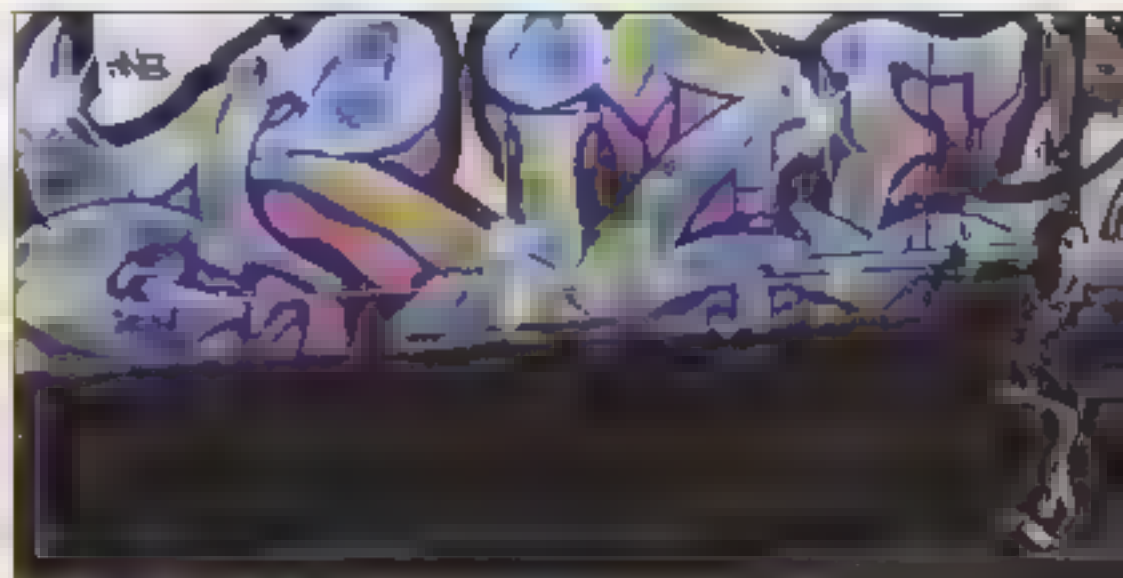


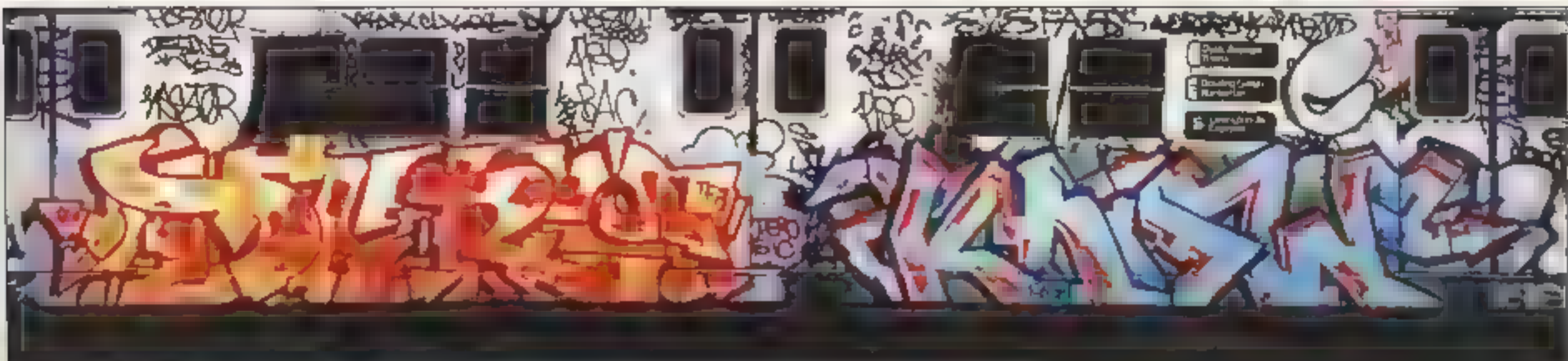
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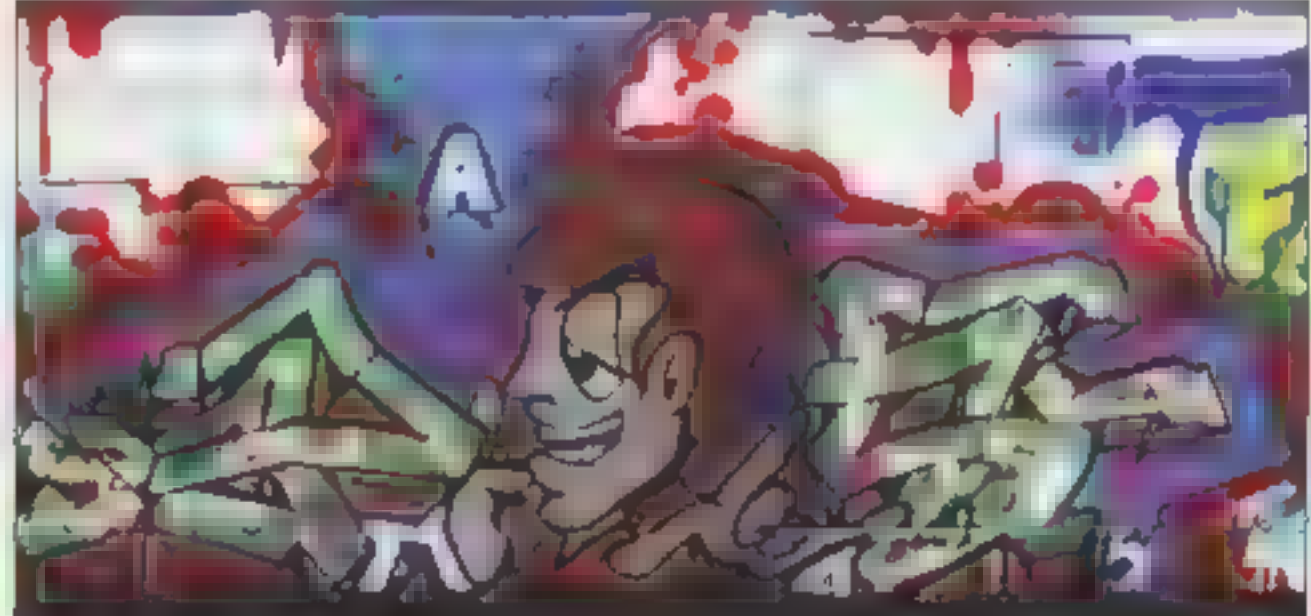
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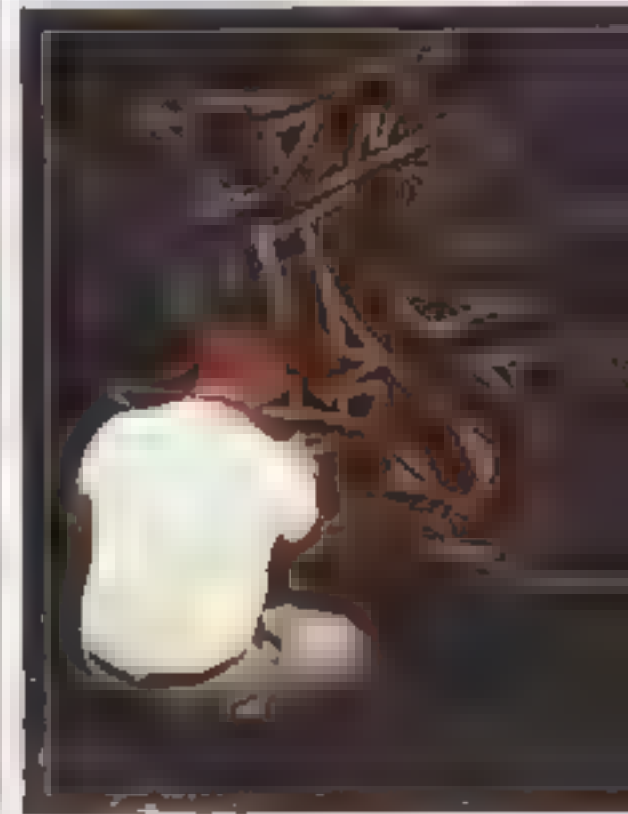
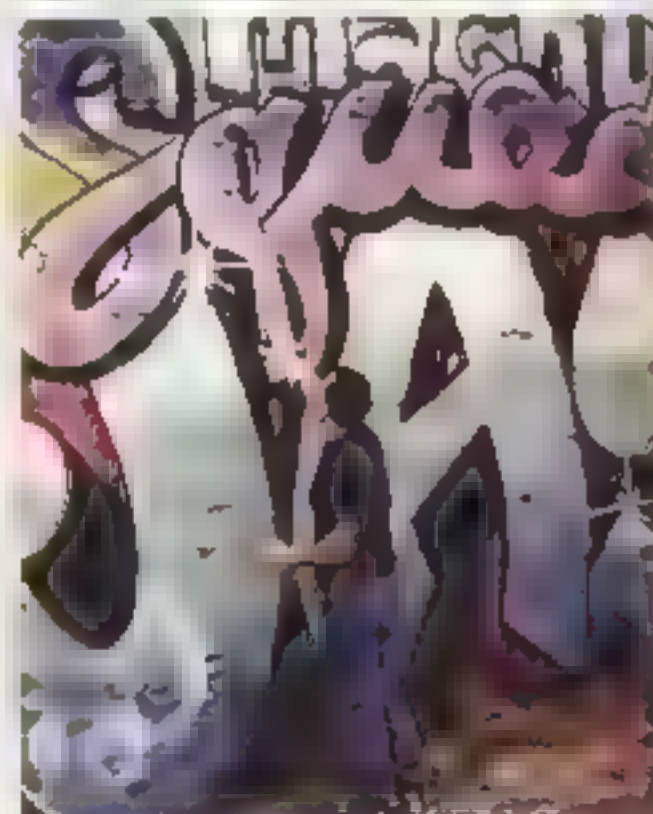
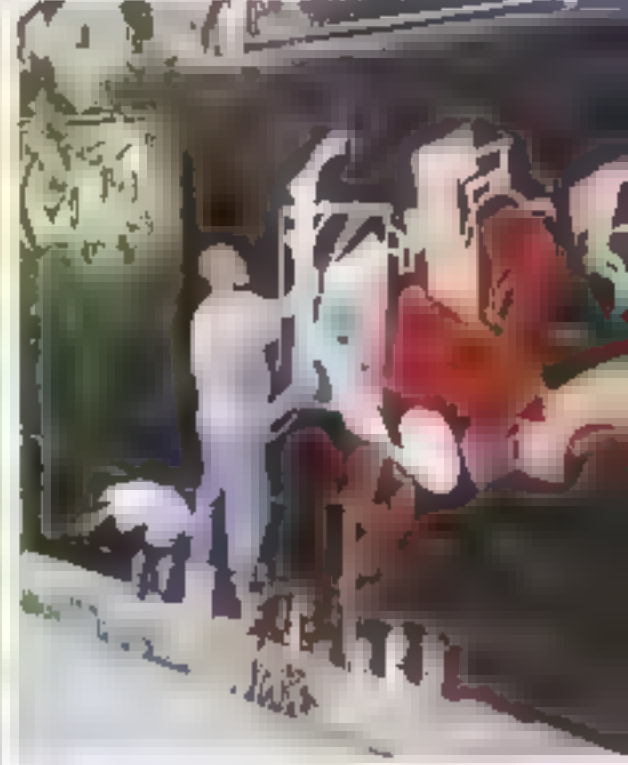
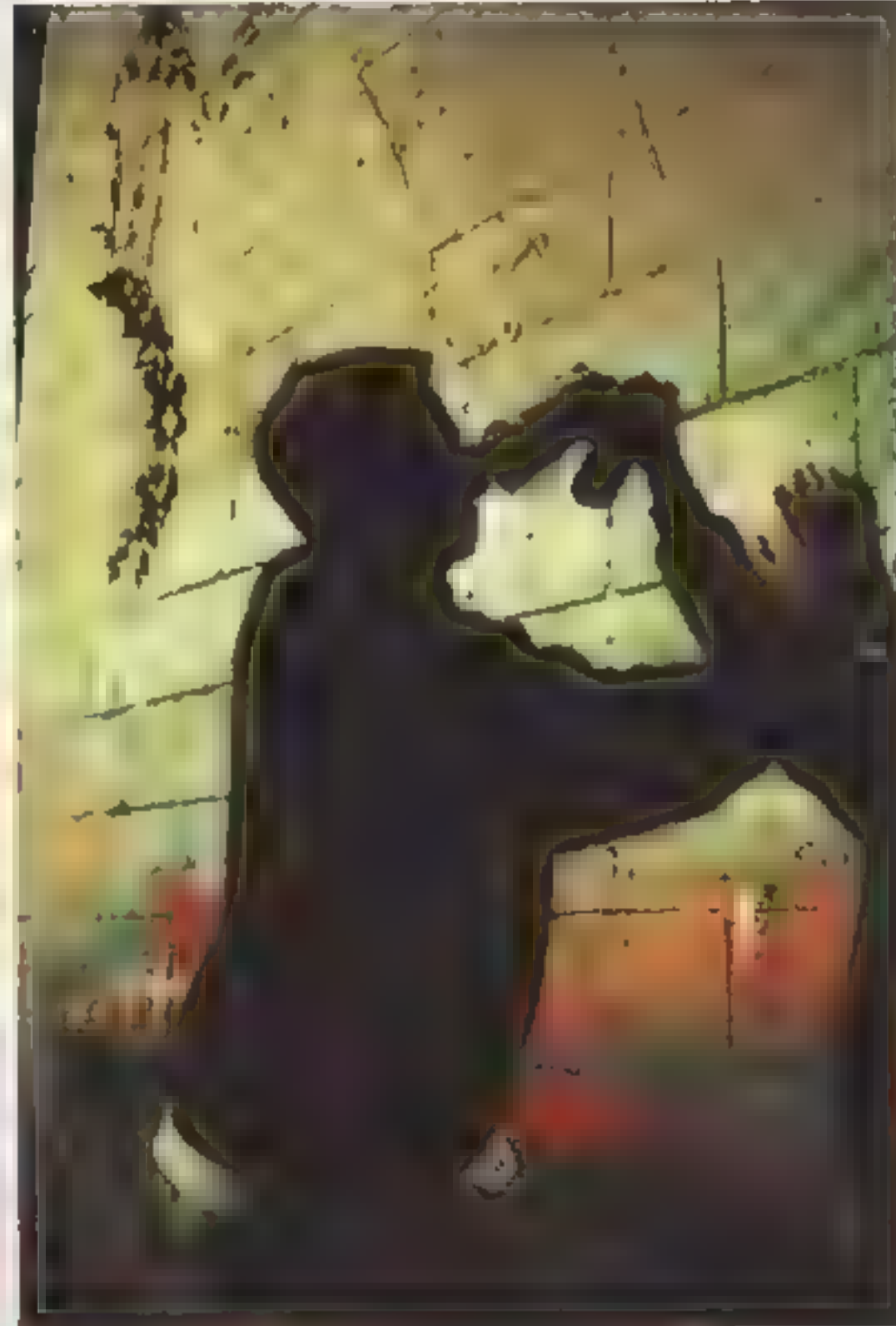
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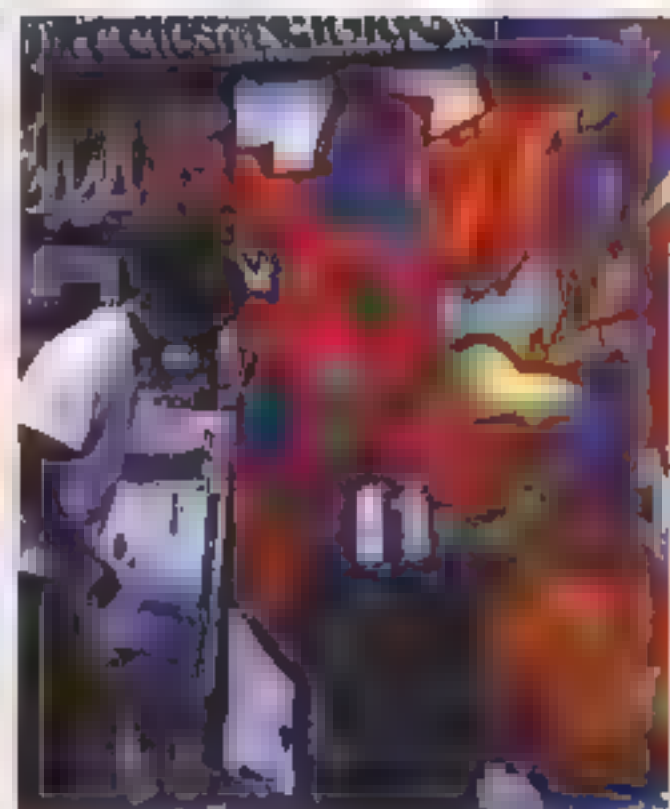
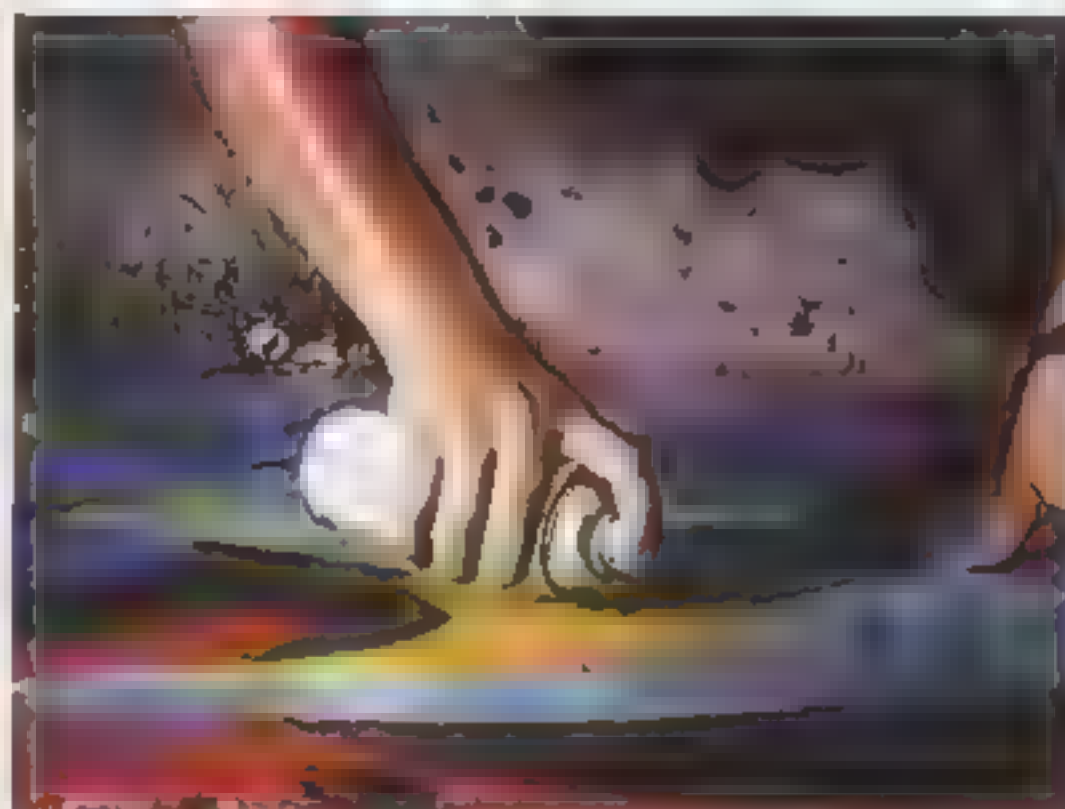
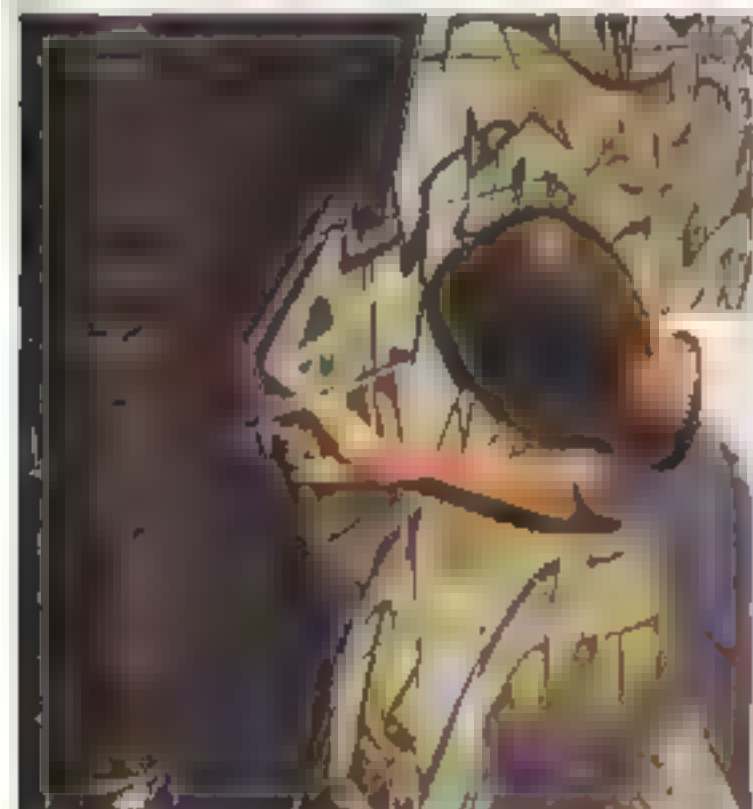
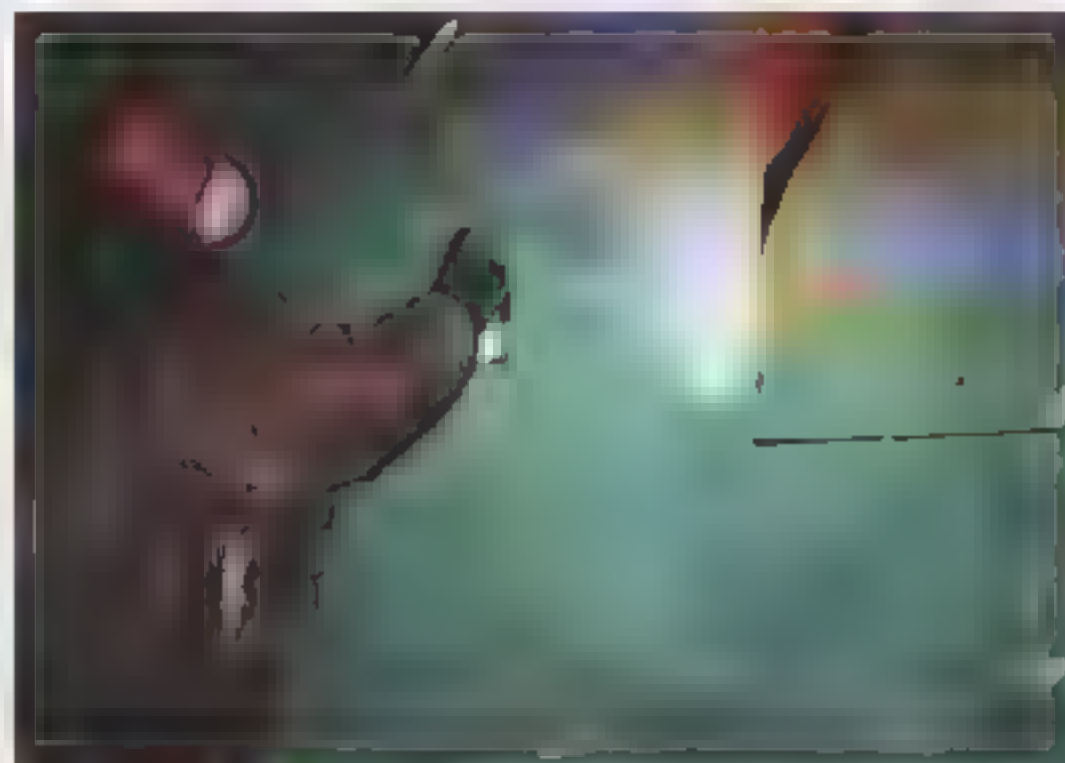
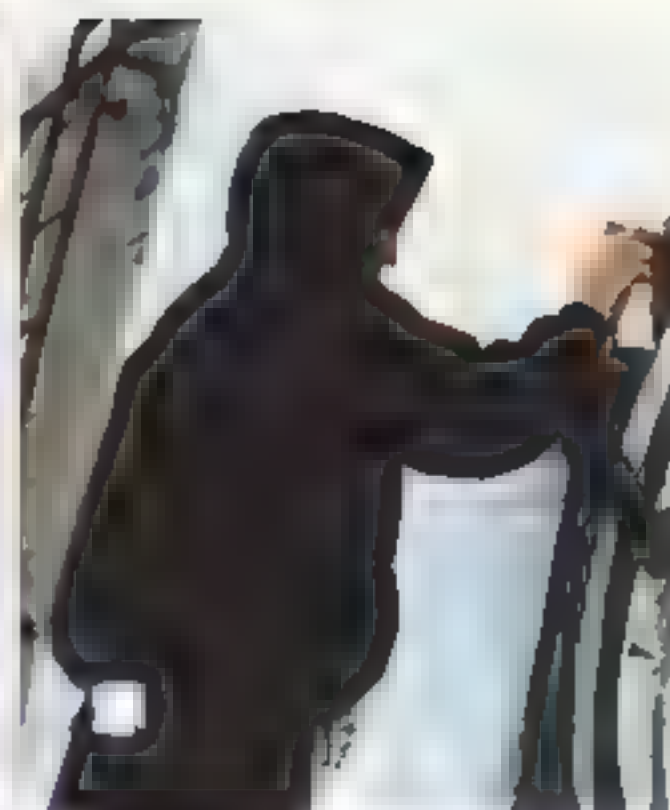
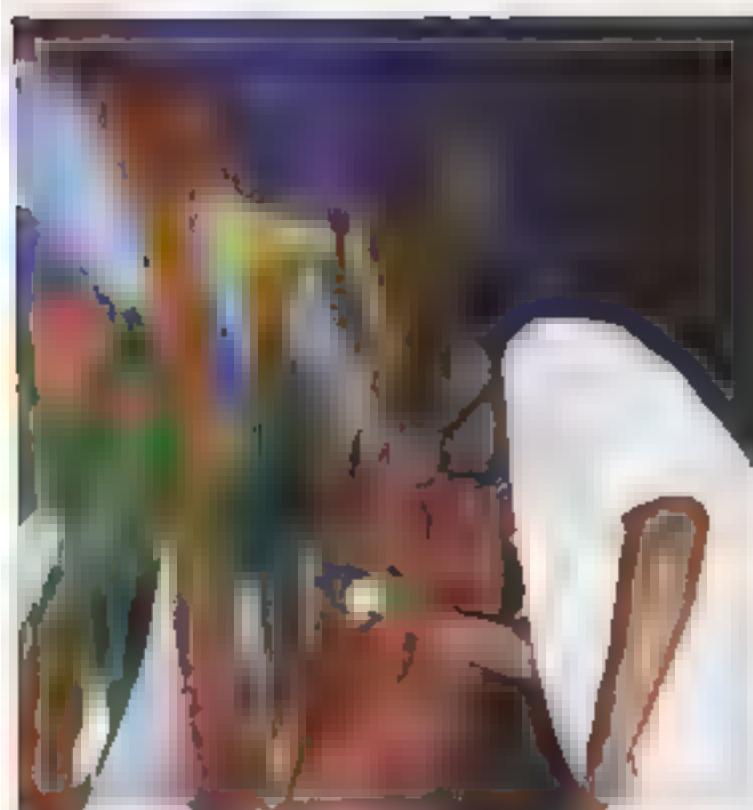


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